
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1814.

ROYAL VISIT TO ENGLAND.

**HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS CATHARINE,
GRAND DUCHESS of all the RUSSIAS, DUCHESS
of OLDENBURGH,**

IS the fourth Daughter of the late Emperor Paul, the only son of the great Catharine, and Sister to the Emperor Alexander;—was born May 10th, 1788;—is a very elegant woman;—her person is striking; and rather above the middle stature; her manners are accomplished, full of dignity, and suitable to her exalted rank; but accompanied with the greatest affability and condescension. She speaks English with fluency.

Her Imperial Highness's arrival, on the 30th of March, in the Jason frigate, to the port of Sheerness, was announced by a discharge of cannon, the colours of the ships hoisted, and all due honour to the rank she holds in Europe. Her Imperial Majesty, her son, the young Prince of Oldenburgh, and a numerous suite, consisting of about forty persons of high distinction in the empire, were received on shore by General Turner and

Colonel Bloomfield, as representatives of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England, the Russian Ambassador, and his Lady, the Countess of Leivan. She left Sheerness the next day in the Prince Regent's carriage; every mark of respect was shewn on her journey; the inhabitants of the towns through which she passed, cheered her by repeated and loud acclamations. At Rochester, to gratify the wishes of the citizens, her Highness very condescendingly presented herself at a balcony of an Inn. When arrived at Shooter's Hill, four of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's beautiful bays were put to the carriage to draw her Imperial Highness into the metropolis of England; the Prince's coachman and postilions attended to drive them; and the footmen, outriders of his Royal Highness's establishment, and a party of light horse, escorted the Princess. The procession entered London by Parliament-street; and proceeded to the Pulteney Grand Hotel; which had been prepared for her Highness's reception. Centinels were placed at the door. She was handed from the carriage by the Duke of Clarence and Colonel Bloomfield.

The Prince Regent gave a most sumptuous and magnificent dinner to the illustrious stranger, at which the Queen and Princesses, the Duke and Duchess of York, and Royal Family, all assembled to welcome her Serene Highness.

The day following, April 2nd. her Imperial Highness was conducted to the drawing-room; and introduced to the Queen, by her Chamberlain, with the usual etiquette: she was received in the most marked and dignified manner.

On the 5th, the Duchess d'Angouleme paid her respects to her Imperial Highness.

After her gracious reception at court, the Royal Duchess employed her mornings in viewing such objects as were thought more particularly to deserve her attention, whether as monuments of art and science, or as

works contributing to the happiness and ornament of society; and it may not be unentertaining to our readers to follow her steps. On Monday the 4th of April, the Duchess visited the Queen's Palace, and Westminster Abbey.—On Wednesday, St. Paul's Cathedral, Guildhall, the interior of the Mansion-house, the Bank of England; went to St. Stephen's, Walbrook, which building is considered one of the finest pieces of architecture in this country; and viewed the exterior of the Monument. On Friday, the Prince Regent accompanied his Royal Visitor to the Naval Asylum at Greenwich; the Military Asylum at Chelsea, and Chelsea College; where the youths were mustered under arms on the green, and went through their different evolutions before the Prince. They proceeded to the Royal Hospital, the principal room of which contains a very fine painting of Charles the Second, the founder of the establishment; and was laid out in a very grand and elegant style, perfumed with flowers, growing shrubs, various exotics, displayed with exquisite taste.—The Thursday following, the Grand Duchess visited the Magdalen Hospital; and the Philanthropic Society, St. George's Fields; where she was conducted over the different branches of the manufactories and trades that are carried on; and appeared to be amused, and wished to understand the different processes.

The British Museum was the next subject of curiosity; and the Asylum for Orphan Girls, near Westminster Bridge, did not escape notice. The same week, her Highness viewed Mr. West's new picture, which is to be called—"Christ rejected by the High Priest and Jewish people," and Backler's Gallery of Stained Glass, in Newman-street. She was conducted by the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford through the Grand Gallery, in Cleveland-row, to view the Noble Marquis's valuable Collection of Paintings, &c. and after, those fine specimens of the arts possessed by Mr. Angerstien, of Pall Mall.

Her Imperial Highness left London on Monday, the

2nd of May, at noon; and made a tour, which, for the rapidity of travelling, and the patient investigation of the numerous interesting objects which fell under her curious inspection, exceed all that has been heard of female perseverance in pursuit of practical knowledge. On Tuesday, she visited all the principal Colleges, &c. of Oxford, attended by their respective heads; she proceeded the same evening to Stowe, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham, and having viewed the beauties of this place, pressed on to Warwick, where she reposed that night. Early on Wednesday morning, she went over Warwick Castle; with the feudal grandeur of which she was highly delighted; afterwards she inspected the manufactory in the town; and then proceeding by Kenilworth Castle, arrived at Birmingham that evening. The next day, Thursday, she inspected the Mint, great iron foundery, &c. at Soho; and visited the principal manufactories of that town, which she examined with great minuteness;—at one of these, she saw an apparently intricate operation performing by a woman, which, having observed for some time with great attention, she exclaimed in French, “Let me see whether I cannot do it!” and sitting down, succeeded in the attempt, to the astonishment of all around her. Leaving Birmingham, she arrived late that evening at Worcester; and, on Friday morning, saw the Cathedral, attended by Dean Onslow; where she was struck with the inimitable monument of Bishop Hough by Rubilliac. From thence she went to view the Porcelaine Manufactory; which, she said, promised soon to equal those of Séve and Dresden. On Saturday morning, her Highness proceeded on her return to London, took a view *en passant* of Blenheim from the Lodge Gate, and arrived at the Pulteney Hotel the same evening to dinner.

Wednesday morning, May 25th, the Royal Duchess attended the Annual Meeting of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers.

Thursday, May 26th, Her Imperial Highness paid a visit to Westminster Hall, to view the Courts. A short time previous to twelve o'clock, she arrived with her attendants at the door leading to the Hall. She was received by Lord Erskine, Lady Ellenborough, and Lord Ellenborough's son, Mr. Law.—A breakfast had been previously laid out with great taste and elegance, in the room appropriated to the Lord Chief Justice. The Duchess was conducted to the breakfast table, and soon after, proceeded to the King's Bench in the following order—

Three Ushers of the Court,

Lord Ellenborough's Tipstaffs holding their staves of authority,

The Lord Chief Justice's Attendants,

The Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, with Lord Erskine, Lady Ellenborough and her Daughter.

A Russian Prince, and the gentlemen attending on the Duchess, brought up the rear. A crimson carpet had been spread from the steps leading to the Judges' room, to the Court of King's Bench, and her Royal Highness walked upon it to the Court. She went in at the door leading to the Bench, and being received by Lord Ellenborough, took a seat on the right of his Lordship. Having paid attention a considerable time to the trial going on, she returned to her carriage apparently much gratified by the sight of the Hall, &c. Lord Erskine explained to her Royal Highness that it was first built by W. Rufus, in 1097, and directed her attention to the roof of Irish Oak, which has the well known property of being clean, and free from that filth occasioned by vermin in other timber. Here hung some years since the trophies obtained by the confederates under the Duke of Marlborough, at Hockstet and Blenheim. It has been, since the 9th of Henry III. the place where our Courts of Judicature sit. All the historical facts attached to it were related to the Duchess, who could not have seen an object more worthy her curiosity.

It is needless to say, that the Grand Duchess spent her evenings in festivity with the Royal Family and Nobility.

From June 7th, the day on which the Emperor Alexander arrived in town, who resided with his sister during his stay in this country, the Grand Duchess constantly accompanied him in almost all his visits and excursions.

Sunday, June 26th, the Emperor of Russia and Duchess of Oldenburgh and suite, reached Dover, and the next morning, at a quarter before seven, the Grand Duchess embarked on board the Jason frigate, under a royal salute, for Calais.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

In the cabinet of Natural History at Petersburg is exhibited the figure in wax of Peter I. dressed in a blue silk coat, embroidered by the hands of the Empress Catharine, his wife. This figure, of a striking beauty and resemblance, is very like the young Emperor; it is his tall stature, and his imposing majesty, his eye, his forehead, his complexion; but the features of Alexander are more soft, more regular, and more amiable; it might be said that they have been corrected on this model, somewhat rude, in order to acquire a perfect harmony. Well! Alexander has, in a moral sense, the same resemblance to Peter I. as in a physical one. He is the soul of that great man, as one would have wished it to be in this enlightened age, in order to be able to bestow on him our love as well as our admiration.

The Victim of Despair.

(Continued from page 14.)

WE were reduced to such extreme misery and abasement, that my husband was obliged to go out in the shade of evening to beg bread for his children. The little unfortunates, and their mother, were even happy when his propensity for drink did not detain him from home all night. In these dreadful circumstances, heaven seemed to pity our fate. I had learnt to embroider in my youth; and, during my retirement in a convent, I had brought this talent to more than ordinary perfection. I worked some small pieces, which I offered for sale; but few became purchasers, and those who did always paid me badly. For this purpose, as I was one day sorrowfully passing through the streets, I saw embroidery of various kinds exposed to sale at a shop-window, which had hitherto escaped my notice, and could easily distinguish that my work was superior. I entered the shop; asked to speak to the master; and received several orders. I applied assiduously to the work, and he was so well satisfied, that, from the first, he was interested in my welfare; advanced me money; procured me a better lodging; and advised me to establish a school for embroidery. My success far surpassed my expectation. In a little time, I had in my school thirty girls, whom I afterwards employed to advantage; the tradesmen continuing to give me considerable orders, and always paying promptly. My husband also found employment for his talents; he designed tasteful patterns; and our good employer, delighted, assured us, that if we proceeded with the same success, we should infallibly make his and our own fortune. This enchanting prospect contributed to the rapid recovery of my health. My

husband, better occupied, and more happy, did not so often indulge his fatal passion. Having the means to satisfy his tastes, I was sometimes the first to persuade him to pass a few hours of recreation in a coffee-house, or place of entertainment, in the charming environs of the town. I knew, that the next day he would return to his occupation with alacrity, and draw his designs better. Perhaps you will accuse me of too much kindness; but I was not ignorant, that obstinate contradiction and a constant tension of mind would induce a gloomy melancholy, and soon render him incapable of all labour. Wine was become a physical want, necessary to the developement of his faculties.

Four years glided in activity; and our little fortune was much increased: after having amply provided for all our wants, there remained a saving of five thousand florins. We saw with pleasure the number of our children increase; we had no fear of being able to support and educate them; and I never recollect to have been more happy. One evening, my husband returned completely inebriated; but he neither laughed, nor sung, as usual; wild despair distorted his features, he burst forth in dreadful imprecations against the rigour of his fate, and went, and threw himself upon his bed. I could not discover the cause of his agitation; and all night I was deprived of sleep from uneasiness. The next morning, I was endeavouring to persuade him to give me an explanation, when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it to a stranger. "Dreadful phantom! dost thou pursue me here?" cried my husband, hiding his face. I trembled. The stranger spoke not. "What do you want? What do you expect from me?" added my husband. "Are you resolved to ruin me?" "No;" answered the stranger; "but *you* have ruined me; and I demand reparation. I hope you will not drive me to extremes; for in truth I cannot answer for any thing."—"Follow me; and I will enter into an explanation."—"Ah! why not in

the presence of your wife? Her advice may assist you; besides here no caution is requisite."—Poor Theodore gnashed his teeth; but answered not. After a thousand enquiries, I learnt the particulars of this mysterious affair.

This stranger was the Receiver of the Imperial Domains, the lover of my husband's first wife, whom he had so many reasons to regard as her accomplice in the fraud which had ruined him. They met accidentally at a coffee-house; had some discussion on what was past; and the man had renewed his claims. Before I explain them, I must inform you of a measure we were previously induced to take, in the flattering hope of a good result; the consequences of which, so far from terminating happily, proved extremely injurious.

When a victim to the criminal intrigues of his wife, my unfortunate husband had been constrained to fly, he determined to send the Emperor, by the first favourable conveyance, a detailed memoir of his unfortunate situation. He hoped at least, in proving his personal innocence, to influence the monarch not to suffer his name to be publicly branded, and to save his family from opprobrium. An occasion presented itself; and his memoir was faithfully delivered to the Emperor. The frankness and zeal with which it was written, made a lively impression on the heart of the prince. From this period, the minister perceived he had lost much of his favour; and soon after, under a vague pretext, he was dismissed. The sovereign appointed a commission of aulic counsellors to revise all my husband's affairs. From the report of these impartial judges, he found subject for suspicion, but no proof against the accused. Upon the allegation of my husband in his memoir, the Receiver of the Domains was recalled; and he himself invited to appear in three months before the commission to give the necessary explanation. By the express order of the Emperor, it was added, that the accused should obtain a safe conduct

to go freely out of the states of his majesty, as soon as he had delivered his evidence. The clemency of the monarch was useless; we were in Spain when the edict appeared; no German gazette came within our reach. This favour even proved extremely fatal. Notwithstanding all the conditions of security that had been offered to him, my husband not appearing to the citation of the Commission, they no longer hesitated to pronounce him guilty. He was declared unworthy of his employ; degraded from nobility; and, if taken, was to be judged with all the severity of the law. This sentence, however, did not determine the Sovereign to restore the Receiver of the Domains to his office. Some trifling errors were found in his accounts, and he was declared for ever incapable of serving.

This desperate man swore he would search for my husband in every part of Europe; and pursue him, till he had obtained the satisfaction he required. "I have been fortunate enough to find you," said he; "you shall not escape, until you have done justice to my claims." I asked, tremblingly, what were his claims. He answered, with assurance, that he must have two thousand ducats; or he would cause my husband to be immediately arrested; and seize all we possessed. He increased my terror by telling me, that the palatine court would never refuse to give up an impeached person to the imperial tribunal; and that my husband would be immediately sent as soon as his arrest should be known at Vienna.

"My imagination, too long accustomed to scenes of distress and misfortune, pictured my husband expiring in torments; and I thought myself happy in having the power to save him at the expence of all that I had acquired by my industry. To make up the sum demanded, my employer made a considerable advance upon the work he had ordered. Our cruel enemy would not spare us a single florin. He left us a written promise, that he would not hereafter make any further demand

upon my husband; and ratified it by an oath, that he would never, under any pretence whatever, prefer an accusation against him.

"God giveth, God taketh away, and God can restore," were words I was constantly repeating to divert my thoughts from the afflicting situation in which we were placed. I redoubled my zeal and activity to repair the immense loss we had sustained. Heaven seemed to bless my efforts;—all my afflictions would have quickly vanished, if my husband's increasing habits of intoxication had not been a continual subject of grief. The fatal event that I have just related was the cause. According to his unfortunate custom, he sought consolation in the abuse of strong liquors.

One evening, as I was impatiently expecting his return to trace patterns of embroidery, two strangers entered my chamber; and asked for my husband. I would have persuaded them to defer their visit till next day; and invented a thousand excuses; but they persisted in remaining, without satisfying my enquiries of their motive. At length, my husband returned; he had not exceeded the bounds of moderation; and was only cheerful and merry; I was thunderstruck when I heard the two strangers unequivocally declare that they had an order to secure his person, and to put a seal upon all his papers. I enquired in vain the cause of this rigour; they answered me not: they left me only a single chamber, with some effects of mere necessity. A carriage drove to the door; they made my husband ascend, and conducted him to prison.

At break of day, I waited on the president of the court of justice; he received me with kindness; but protested that the liberty of my husband no way depended upon his power. An order from the Elector, given at the request of the Imperial Minister, conveyed not only an arrest, but the immediate delivery of the prisoner to his natural judges.

Imagine my distress ;—all that I could obtain was to visit my unfortunate Theodore in his prison. In what a terrible state did I find him ! He acquainted me, with the most frightful imprecations, that it was the infamous Receiver of the Domains, the primitive author of his misfortunes, he who had just stript us of all the fruit of our industry, that it was this monster who had denounced him, who had assisted in his arrest. “ I am ruined ! irrevocably ruined ! ” cried he, in the access of his despair. “ I know the law inflexible which is to condemn me ; I shall die ignobly. ” At sight of the danger which threatened a man whose misfortunes rendered him dearer to me, I was seized with supernatural force ; I abandoned my children to a friend ; and went to Vienna. The monarch, affable to the lowest of his subjects, condescended to admit me to his presence. The mother of five young children, the desperate wife, affected his great soul by the faithful account of her misfortunes. I saw his eyes filled with tears of commiseration ; but he represented, that he owed to the state the punishment of so enormous an offence. “ If your husband is innocent, as you describe, ” added he, “ let him boldly appear before his judges, and I will indemnify him for what he has suffered. ” At these words, the generous prince put a purse of gold into my hands, and left me.

“ I returned to Manheim ; my too unfortunate husband flattered himself, that I had brought him his pardon ; I was obliged to avow, that he must be prepared to appear before his judges ; and exonerate himself from every accusation ; or experience all the severity of the law. From this moment, he believed his ruin certain ; and, seeing me a prey to the most dreadful feelings, expressed a wish that sudden death might reunite me to him in a better world. The day of his departure was soon fixed. To avoid a tumultuous rout, and the insults of a populace, always cruel towards the unfortunate, they

had the goodness to appoint the hour of midnight for his departure. Theodore asked once more to see his children. I appeared, surrounded by these poor little beings, who were ignorant of the horrible state of the authors of their lives. The sight seemed greatly to affect my husband: he took the tallest upon his knees; the others I held in my arms;—his eyes were fixed upon them; a single tear was suspended from his eyelid; he spoke not.—Suddenly we heard the rolling of a carriage; the prison windows shook; a mortal chilliness ran through my veins.—The unfortunate father started; his children, frightened, pressed against his breast;—"The time is come! we must separate!" cried he, in a low and despairing tone of voice.

"I wished to detain him; I fell at his feet; and when I recovered, he was far distant! They had carried me back to my sad abode; and every moment my poor little ones were asking me, if their father would soon return. Incapable of labour, I was obliged to discharge almost all my workwomen. My civil employer was the first who drew me from my stupor; his delicacy would not permit him to mention the advance he had made me; and I was endeavouring to collect my strength, in pursuance of his wishes, when this true friend was carried away by sudden death. His heirs found my name in his books; ordered me to be summoned; and had the inhumanity to seize my effects; my furniture, and even the instruments of my labour. I withdrew to an obscure chamber, with my five children, having no other occupation than to weep over our hard destiny.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FONTAINE was subject to extraordinary aberrations, or absence of mind. He once attended the funeral of a friend, and the very next day he called upon him as if he had been living.

ANECDOTES
OF
DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

A Characteristic Anecdote of Catharine II.

THE empress Catharine, from the balconies of the hermitage, was one day viewing the Neva, which was on the point of breaking up, and saw a woman fall into the water. She immediately sent to her assistance some persons who found means to draw her out; and Catharine desired to see her whom she had just saved. It was a young girl rather interesting, who was brought to her quite wet and trembling. The empress ordered her to be dressed in her own clothes in her wardrobe, and dismissed her, at the same time giving her a few *imperials*, and enjoining her to come and see her when she intended to marry. On coming out of the palace, this girl was questioned—"Ah!" exclaimed she, "*I was more terrified on entering the palace of the sovereign than in falling into the river.*" This speech is, perhaps, a definition of despotism, no less ingenuous than terrible. It is characteristic, inasmuch as it paints the sentiments with which the Russian people are generally inspired by their sovereigns and masters; an impression so deep, that favours cannot efface it, even in the most interesting, or the most decisive moment.

THE PRINCESS DE CONTI.

Mademoiselle de Blois, daughter of Louis XIV. and the Duchess de la Valliere, married Louis Armand de Bourbon, prince de Conti, whose brother was elected King of Poland, and immediately supplanted by the Elector of Saxony, named by another party. Louis Armand died of the small-pox; his widow, the Princess,

was no less celebrated for her wit than for her astonishing beauty. Dangeau, in his Memoirs, relates that Muley Ismaël, king of Morocco, was enamoured of her person from seeing her portrait in the hands of the Captain of a French privateer; and sent an ambassador solemnly to solicit her in marriage. On this occasion, Rousseau composed these verses—

Votre beauté, grande princesse,
Porte les traits dont elle blesse,
Jusques aux plus sauvages lieux :
L'Afrique avec vous capitule,
Et les conquêtes de vos yeux
Vont plus loin que celles d'Hercules.

The same portrait was carried to America; and inspired with ardent love the son of the viceroy of Lima. At last, the portrait which had produced such romantic events, was lost in the Indies, and found by savages, who made it the object of their worship, and adored it under the name of the goddess Monas. This history, adds Dangeau, was very successful at court. The princess de Conti was a literary *amateur*, and patronised men of letters, distinguished by their talents.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Louvois had been an enemy to Madame de Maintenon sixteen years: he intercepted a packet of letters from the sons of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and the Marshal de Villeroy, from Cardinal de Bouillon, and several other persons, corresponding with the Prince de Conti, who were then making war in a foreign country without the king's permission. These letters contained the most contumelious derision of the King and Madame de Maintenon. Among these letters, one was found from the young and handsome Princess de Conti, the well beloved daughter of the king and Madame de la Valliere:

this princess, married two years, in writing to her husband, indulged in biting sarcasms on Madame de Maintenon, and, at the same time, spoke of the king with little respect. This was inexcuseable; the king was the best of fathers, and Madame de Maintenon, before and after her marriage, had given proofs of the most tender affection. One letter, concealed under the others, remained to be opened; the king espied it; and Louvois soon discovered it to have been written by his son, the Marquis of Courtanvaux, and was cruelly punished for his impeachment. Ambition stifled the feelings of nature. "Sire," said he, "if my son has offended your Majesty, I conjure you to punish him with the utmost severity; I will not crave his pardon." "Others will solicit it," replied Mad. de Maintenon, full of indignation at the hypocrisy of this consummate courtier. Louis read the letter, which was as criminal as the others. Madame de Maintenon was solely occupied in appeasing the just resentment of the king, which was extreme, particularly against the Princess de Conti. He wished to banish her. Madame de Maintenon asked for her pardon, and obtained it; but the king desired to confound her by shewing her himself the letter which she had written. "Ah! Sire," said Madame de Maintenon, "a single look from you would strike her as with a thunderbolt. You should be the messenger of good tidings only; leave to me the sad office of conveying bad. Do not see the Princess again, till you can announce her pardon." "Well then," replied the king, "see her; and tell her, that I forbid her my presence, till she has further commands." Madame de Maintenon obeyed. The young princess, who was only seventeen years of age, waited upon her. Madame de Maintenon, far from reproaching her, consoled, and gave her the most useful advice. The Princess, penetrated with repentance and gratitude, made affecting promises, and kept them all ever after. The young Princess was so much afflicted at having so justly incurred the king's

displeasure, that it brought on a dangerous illness. Mad. de Maintenon flew to her; in a few minutes, she disappeared, and returned in three-quarters of an hour after with the king; who pardoned her with all paternal tenderness. The princess, bathed in tears, kissed the hands of the king, and said—" *I am cured*;" but the wound was too deep; and she had a long and very severe illness. Madame de Maintenon, so long as the fever lasted, left not the bedside of the princess; she sat up all night, and waited on her as a sick-nurse. The great Condé, seeing her devote herself thus, without consulting her strength, or attending to her health, said to her—"Take courage, Madam, this will at last obtain you, perhaps, the friendship of the king." In fact, Madame de Maintenon always conducted herself as if she had had to gain the affections that she so long and so sovereignly possessed. This devotedness occasioned a fever, which, without being alarming, lasted a long time; during which, the king and the young Princess de Conti bestowed on her their kindest attentions.

MARIE LECZINSKA,

WIFE OF LOUIS XV.

This Princess, the daughter of Stanislaus, King of Poland, Duke of Lorraine, and of Catharine Opalinska, was born the 25th of June, 1703. It is said, that while an infant, in one of her father's flights, she was left and forgotten three hours in the trough of a stable.—When her father, obliged to quit Poland, took refuge at Weissembourg, in Alsace, she followed him there. She lived six years in obscurity, when she was demanded in marriage by Louis XV. She married this prince the 5th September, 1725. A submissive, indulgent, and faithful wife; a tender and vigilant mother, always occupied in the education of her children, in whom she inspired the most religious sentiments; a pious, prudent and beneficent queen; an

enemy to intrigue, and a protectress of useful talents; she presented upon the throne a model of every Christian virtue.

This Princess was so beneficent, that one day her treasurer, representing to her that the money in her coffer would scarcely suffice for her immense charity to the poor, she answered—"Does not all the wealth of a Mother belong to her Children?"

She joined to this affecting goodness an acute and delicate mind, and a very good judgement: An actor having played the part of Augustus in a tone of ridiculous familiarity, the queen said—"I knew that Augustus was merciful; but I was ignorant that he was a good-natured fool."

The queen often admitted into her interior two estimable men of letters, Moncrif and the President Hénault; she frequently saw the latter at the Duchess de Luynes's, with whom he was intimate. One day, entering the Duchess's, at the moment she was writing to the President, the queen wrote at the bottom of the note—"Devinez la main qui vous souhaite ce petit bon jour."—"Guess the hand which wishes you this little good day."—To his answer, the President added this quatrain—

"Ces mots tracés par une main divine,
Ne m'ont causé que trouble et qu'embarras;
C'est trop oser si mon cœur la devine,
C'est être ingrat que ne deviner pas."

Marie Leczinska was as sensible as virtuous. The premature death of the dauphin, her son, followed soon after by that of the king, his father, affected her with so much grief that she sunk under it the 24th of June, at the age of sixty-five years. Within a few days of her death, her physicians proposed fresh remedies to her. "Restore me," said she, "my father and my children, and you will cure me." This princess, so worthy of the regret of France, had ten children, two boys and eight girls, by Louis XV.

AGNES ADDISON;

A SIMPLE TALE;

BY ORA.

(Continued from page 25.)

WHEN the first surprise and emotion of this delightful and unexpected meeting was over, the happy party proceeded to the cottage: here again the feelings of Agnes were strongly interested for the young man already mentioned; his voice raised a thousand tender recollections in her soul; and while she gazed on his elegant figure and expressive countenance, her heart throbbed with indescribable emotions. "Who, my dear Mrs. Hamilton, is this charming, this interesting young man?"

"My son, my dear Madam; but, perhaps, if he could any where meet with one more deserving of the name of mother, he would not break his heart with grief at the exchange!" Sibelia accompanied this speech with an arch smile to Captain Hamilton.

Agnes sat for a moment riveted to her chair; a deadly sickness came over her heart; at length, clasping her hands, with a look of agony, she exclaimed, "Oh! cruel Sibelia, you have raised a thought in my confused and bewildered soul, a thought it would be death to have realized, more than a thousand deaths to have disappointed!"

"My beloved friend," cried Sibelia, rising, and taking her hand, terrified at the effect of her rashness. At this moment, Ella bounded from the window, where she had been standing with the young stranger. "O! mamma, this young gentleman is our namesake; he says his name is Malcolm Henry." "Gracious God! support me! tell me, tell me, Sibelia, can this be? Speak to me before my heart-strings burst!"

"Unthinking wretch that I am! my rash folly has destroyed my friend! assist me, Edward, I am almost distracted."

Captain Hamilton tenderly took Agnes' hand; she grasped his with convulsive eagerness. "Speak, speak!" said she wildly. "For God's sake, my dear madam, be composed; he is indeed your son!"

She heard no more; the pulse which had throbbed almost to madness was in a moment still; her soul seemed to have escaped from its frail tenement; her astonished and almost distracted son knelt at her feet, and bathed her cold hands with tears of agony, while the shrieks of the terrified Ella echoed through the house.

Poor Sibelia was inconsolable, and her husband seriously alarmed, till after some time of torturing suspense, the cares of her friend restored Agnes to life, and unlooked-for, unthought of happiness.

The next day, the following particulars were briefly related to Agnes by Mrs. Hamilton and her accomplished Malcolm Henry.

After parting with Agnes, Mr. Thomson and his sister proceeded, with melancholy hearts, to their wild and solitary abode; Sibelia sighed deeply, and Mr. Thomson seemed unusually sad. "You are very grave, Gilbert. Has the idea of home become as terrible to you as to me."

"Sibelia, you know not what I am suffering! my heart is torn with anxiety; and——but you are the last person I should complain to."

"How, Gilbert! the last person? Is this then your confidence in, your affection for, a once trusted, once beloved sister?" "Do not reproach me, my dear sister, I only withhold my confidence that I may not involve you in my misery; nor do I deserve any compassion from you;—you who——" She threw her arms about his neck. "My brother, my dear brother, do not break your Sibelia's heart by talking in this manner.

Oh! I little knew that you were unhappy when I spoke so provokingly to you yesterday; I would rather have bit off my wicked tongue than have done it! but surely, Gilbert, it cannot be Mrs. Henry who is the cause of your uneasiness?" "No, no, my dear girl; Mrs. Henry is indeed very lovely, and very amiable; but your brother had no heart to bestow, long ere he saw her." Here Mr. Thomson observed, that the boatmen were paying too much attention to their conversation; and promised to relieve his sister's anxiety by discovering the cause of his wretchedness, when they were settled once more in their dreary home.

Sibelia's heart throbbed with emotions of mingled pain and pleasure, when the island appeared full in view: there was the very spot where Edward had been rescued from destruction; there all the rude scenery he had so often admired; and there the venerable old church, surrounded by the "narrow cells" of the departed Islanders; and among them ~~was~~ a simple white stone that marked the grave of his parents.

They now landed immediately below the church, and observed a crowd of people gathered in the church-yard, and distinctly heard loud lamentations, mingled with sighs and groans. "What is the matter?" said Mr. Thomson, turning hastily to the boatmen, "Who is dead, since I left the island?" "Alas! sir! donna ye ken what's happened?" "No, Robert, I do not, indeed; I hope my uncle is well." "Yea, yea, Mr. Gilbert, ye'r uncle's our' weel; but the sweetest lamb in a' Orkney, Miss Helen Morrison, the parson's daughter, was laid this very day in the cold grave, and her innocent bairn beside her." A thick mist swam before the eyes of Mr. Thomson; he staggered, and would have fallen to the ground, had not the boatmen supported him; but suddenly recovering, he raised himself, and exclaimed, "My God! have mercy; let thy thunderbolts fall, and crush me at once,—Murdered Helen!—Lost Angel!"

"Murdered indeed!" said Robert, "though I kent the Laird to be a proud hard-hearted man, I never thought he could hae' carried his cruelty sae far." "The Laird, didst thou say? Oh! hoary hypocrite! if thou hast touched one hair of Helen Morrison's head, neither thy white locks, nor the kindred blood that flows in thy cursed veins, shall shield thee from my speedy vengeance!" Sibelia, petrified with terror and astonishment, grasped her brother's arm. "Ah! Gilbert! what would you do?" "Blood for blood! Sibelia; perhaps the blood of Hamilton may call as loudly for vengeance. Off, off! let me away!" She sank to the ground, from which she was raised by the women who were collected about them; and by her uncle's order carried to the house. He had now joined them. Mr. Thomson sprang to him, and holding his arm with the desperate grasp of madness, demanded "his Helen Morrison! his wife! his child!" Though the blood was almost starting from his uncle's arm, he gazed with a steady, and unaltered countenance on his distracted nephew. "Your wife! your child! Gilbert Thomson. Who was your wife? where was your child?" "Helen Morrison was my wife, monster. Restore her to my arms." "Madman! if Helen Morrison was your wife, I, even I, injured as I am by your base suspicions, and monstrous ingratitude, yes, I lament her death sincerely! but am I in the place of omnipotence? have I the power of life and death in my hands?" "Oh! God! what am I to think? what am I to believe?" groaned Mr. Thomson, releasing his uncle, and clasping his hands in agony. "Believe the evidence of your own senses, if they have not left you for ever! Come, rash, unfortunate young man!—Insulted, wounded, as I am, I must pity, nay forgive you. Every thing shall be done to soothe your mind, every justice to the memory of this unfortunate young lady, every thing for the comfort of her afflicted parents."

Old Mr. Mandeville had long acquired a fatal as-

cendency and influence over the mind of his nephew; which, in some instances, appeared like a magic spell, in which he had bound up his better judgement; and warped the feelings of his naturally generous and candid heart; he accepted his offered arm, and walked with him to the house.

Mr. Morrison, a man who possessed every virtue that honours the true Christian, had long enjoyed a good living in the north of Scotland; he had reared a numerous and lovely offspring; but lived to see his wife and all his children carried to the grave before him, except the daughter of his eldest son, the beautiful Helen Morrison: he had soon after got a living in one of the Orcades, where he resided almost idolized by his little flock, and reared with tenderest care his love, and lovely Flora, who flourished in grace and goodness beneath his parental eye.

Mr. Thomson lived at one extremity of the island and Mr. Morrison at the other; so that it happened that he had scarcely ever seen Miss Morrison, till he was so suddenly deprived of the society of his sister and Mrs. Hamilton, that he extended his walks to the parsonage, and soon became attached to Mr. Morrison; and distractedly in love with his grandchild.

Two delightful years flew on wings of down; the good old man found a thousand amiable qualities lying dormant in the mind of young Thomson, which he wished, if possible, to call into action; nor did it once occur to him, that fatal consequences might ensue from his intimacy with his lovely grandchild.

(To be continued.)

NO BAD RULE.

“I never come late to a friend's dinner,” says Boileau, “for I have observed that when a company is waiting for a man, they make use of that time to load him with abuse.”

THE GOSSIPER. No. XXXVI.

For I have lov'd the vernal walks, the lanes,
Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd with nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs ; have lov'd the rural walk,
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink,
Ere since a truant boy.

COWPER.

THAT the beauties of nature, as unfolded in a country life, are stimulative of feelings of luxurious repose and unwearied content, poets and authors have long decided ; and certainly, if the mind be quite at ease, the contemplation of an autumnal sky, and the unbounded prospect of successful vegetation, must fill that bosom with joy whose gratitude is not lost, or whose misfortunes have not entirely broken the spirits ; and aspirations of thanks will ascend to that Omnipotent Power who has laid this rich, this intellectual treat before us. Yet does it appear, that the thick umbrageous grove, the distant waterfall, the bill, the valley, and embosomed cot, which strike upon our sight, are not a little beholden to the charms of novelty, or why do we find, that the emotions of delight at beholding rural scenes are more vividly felt and acknowledged by that man whose situation in life allows him but seldom to quit the busy hum of men for occasional ease and retirement ? Soon will such a man leave a scene where no employment, assimilating with his own habits, demands exertion. It is true, on his return to the city, he feels delighted that his energies will once more be stimulated and expanded ; but again another autumn sees him on a visit to his country friend, with whom he once more revels in those pure enjoyments which result from a view of the works of nature.

Few of those who are constant residents of the country, care about the picturesque scenery which surround them, further than as it is likely to contribute to their pecuniary advantage. The landholder would rather see those inclosures waving with yellow corn, which the enthusiast so bitterly regrets were once his to rove over as inclination and pleasure might determine. The desire of gain usurps the seat of reason and taste, and deprives him of a relish for picturesque effect; while he who views them only as objects for the gratification of his senses, is disappointed, if he find his favourite haunts disturbed; if the hill, the vale, or irriguous plain, be torn up, and defaced by the plough; if the axe have levelled those trees that were endeared to him from the remembrance of infant days; or if the tapestry, furniture, building, and gardens, be modernised, in imitation of the metropolis, and assume an appearance unwonted and inappropriate.

These are the sentiments of our Correspondent, in whose feelings, though they may appear to be indulged to excess, we sincerely participate.

MY DEAR MR. GOSSIPER,

A long absence from my native village had determined me once more to visit those scenes which, however little I once prized them, now became present to me in a sweet and pleasurable garb. I now only remembered every scene with joy; I remounted those trees, up whose branches my youthful feet had so often climbed; I reviewed the lakes I had fished in; and forgot, in the sweet contemplation of the days that were gone, days of innocence and health, the monotony and dullness of a country life;—a monotony which had driven me from those scenes I now longed to revisit. Little did I think, Sir, that I should never view again my native place with the same ideas as formerly; I little thought that *improvement* had reached such an obscure part of the globe as my native plains; and that this *mighty* word, at which graves tremble, and castles fall, had combined with rapacity to destroy all my associated

ideas of delight. It was late when I arrived at the once old hall of my fathers, now, by right of inheritance, an elder brother's; here, I must confess, I was received with all the fervour of the dearest consanguinity; but every internal decoration, every article of furniture, was so different in appearance to what my recollection had pictured to me, that instead of being, as I had imagined myself, on a visit to my brother at the distance of three hundred miles from the capital, I could but fancy he was come to see me, and that we were sitting together in our back parlour in the Peckham road. I endeavoured to bring to my imagination the tall back and comfortable arm-chair of my venerable parents, occupying each side of a wide and hospitable fire-place; instead of which were a spruce farmer's daughter and her sweetheart, dressed fit for a London ball, and seated on chairs of Chinese construction, creaking at every position they sat; a meagre French grey covered those walls which once exhibited a warm flock paper; and, instead of the old and hospitable seats, which were once standing ready with open arms to receive you, the drawing-room was set out with *jim-crack cerules* which threatened to bring me to the ground as I crossed one leg over the other, a custom I have used myself to at every pinch of snuff with which I visit my nose. The family book-case, which once contained all the learning of the country, was removed for a piano forte; and where a large table once stood, which had often groaned with the weight of the feast, was a delicate repose, or sofa. The brightened bars of the grates, which it would have been profanation to have sullied, looked hungry and vacant; and added, in appearance, to the chilliness and discomfort I experienced.

The curtains and *chaises longues* might have put even Mr. Oakly to the blush; every article was gay, fine, unreal, and tawdry. I became so dispirited at the loss of all these items, once so dear to my memory, and so dejected at the absence of every charm which I had depicted, and from which I expected so much pleasure, that demanding

a light, I begged leave, under pretence of fatigue, to retire; hoping that the renovation I might gain from sleep would enable me, on the following morning, to view the seat of my fathers with some degree of complacency. It was yet, however, my hard fate to encounter improvement in every shape; I was to take my rest, as a compliment, in the best bed-room. I plunged into a sea of down feathers; I was heated to irritability, and surrounded by Grecian drapery of blue, or crimson; this had taken place of the old hangings of Herod's Cruelty, on which I had so often feasted my infant eyes; and my doubtful vision now strayed to bed-posts of Dragons' heads, fishes' fins, Eagles' claws, and chimeras dire.

I was annoyed all night with the blue devils; and awoke, unrefreshed, and descended to the breakfast parlour. Cursed improvement again met my sight; it had exploded the lattice window, through which the woodbine was wont to climb; the sashes were from London; the plate-glass, London; the dress and manners of the inmates, all affecting those of London. I determined, for the future, as soon as I left the house of my fathers, to reside at some of our superb Tea Gardens, as their affectation of country appearance could only fairly rival the affectation of the mansion I was now in, approximating to a London residence.

The outside also of the hall had kept pace with that of the in; the front had been neatly white-washed; the venerable brick-work had blushed to have shewn its face; the jessamine was torn up, and painted sticks, called *treillage*, were now attached to that porch where once the swallow had made his house. It wanted but a Viranda of Chinese chequer-work to have equalled my friend Traffic's villa at Holloway. Unable within doors to form any pleasurable association of ideas which might carry me back to the days of infancy, I sought to accomplish the object without doors; here, however, I was not more fortunate: inclosures had cut up my walks,

hedges had barricadoed my excursive ideas, low lay many a cottage, once the abode of the less wealthy, but more contented farmer, while one long extended path left little else to view but never ending sameness; a plodding and unwearied walk had cramped all nature's energies; trees were felled; no umbrageous shade saved me from the rays of a vertical sun; and plowed land, corn, or turnips, now

"Brown'd in the slope, or nodded the parterre."

Scenes, once so dear to me, I exclaimed, you are now dead! I shall never behold you more. Even the pleasure ground of the mansion had assumed a different appearance. In vain I here endeavoured also to recall the scenes of my youth; the link in the chain of retrospection was broken; I ran to the seat in the shade, where once I often threw my weary limbs; where oft I had contemplated; where I had perused the inspirations of Pope, or Shakspeare, and where she who was dearest to my heart first heard my vows of eternal love. Alas! urchin boys had made this spot, once so sacred to love and friendship, the scene of their youthful pranks; the grass-shorn edge, which I had prepared for my love, was trodden under foot, the woodbine I had taught to canopy over our heads, to shield us from the mid-day heat, was broken down; my seat, sacred to love and contemplation, was fallen into decay; and toads now crawled over that walk which I had trimmed and weeded with my own hands; and for which I was rewarded by her smiles who was, indeed, all the world to me. Then the robin would there hop delighted around me; and crown my exertions with a song. I sighed deeply; I rushed from the place; and, under the excuse of a pressing affair of business, left a place where all my dearest remembrances were cut off; and in which I could no longer recall the hall of my fathers. I arose early the next morning; visited the neglected seat; and left a place, once so dear to me, for ever.

C.

EDWARD AND PAULINA;

A GERMAN TALE.

(Concluded from p. 37.)

" THIS order was far from opposing my designs. After I knew that the Marchioness de C—— had fled to England for refuge, I intended to go there as quickly as possible. I had reason to believe, that she had taken with her the unfortunate Paulina. The execrable A—— had shared the fate of the unfortunate victims of the 2d of September; a death unquestionably too good for such a villain. Having nothing more to detain me in France, I hastened to take the road for England by Germany, there being no direct communication.

" I changed horses at a village in Lorrain, and entered a post-house to take refreshment. As I was returning to my carriage, I saw a man, of whom I thought I had some knowledge. I eyed him with attention, and soon recollected the faithful Ricaud. I was delighted, and ran to him. When he had recovered from his surprise, he willingly satisfied the thousand questions that I asked.

The Marchioness had emigrated, and left Ricaud to take care of her hotel at Versailles. The hotel having been plundered by her servants, Ricaud had fixed his abode in Paris. For several days he endeavoured to find me; at last, he met William, whom the fatal disappearance of Paulina and myself had greatly affected. He had no doubt of the Marchioness's being the author of this fresh act of aggression, and finally learnt, from an emissary whom she had sent to Paris, that Paulina was not gone with her to England. William, despairing to find me again in France, returned to his native country, where he mourned my loss.

" What will you do in England?" asked Ricaud.
" Paulina is doubtless in the power of some friend of

the Marchioness. I will give you a list and the address of persons where you should search for her; and to enable you to travel freely in France, I will procure you passports.

" I approved of this advice, and returned to Paris; where William, to whom I had intimated my intention, hastened to meet me. Our enquiries in the capital being of no avail, I resolved to extend them to all the provinces where there was any chance of success. About fifteen days ago, I travelled to a village in Champagne, in which a person lived, whom, from what I had heard, I much suspected.

" I lodged in disguise at a small inn; and soon learnt from the host all that it most concerned me to know; that the castle in the town belonged to a man who was fifty years of age, and had never been married; that for five years a young woman, extremely handsome, had been detained there; and every person who had seen her, reported that she was dumb, and lost in continual grief; that this beautiful creature had been removed the day before; and that, according to every appearance, they had taken her the road to Germany.

" I could scarcely contain my transports; I had again found traces of my Paulina!—A purse of gold secured the innkeeper to enable me to pursue the same road, and keep my secret inviolable. As I travelled, I made enquiries, and every where learnt, that the person whom I described, had been seen, and could not be far off. I increased my speed; and it is here, even at this instant, that I have just overtaken the object of my anxious solicitude. Judge of my feelings in the restraint I impose upon myself of not rushing into her arms. A look, which I alone can comprehend, is sufficient to make me know of what importance it is for both to dissemble. The guardian of Paulina is here, surrounded by friends and companions, who will, if wanted, assist him to keep his charge. I am a stranger, and cannot hope to assert my claims successfully, and still less to support them by force. Assist me,

you whom I dare already call my friend; commiserate an unfortunate being, whose reason is bewildered. Say, what shall we do?"

The interest I had taken in the young Englishman on his first salutation was sensibly increased by the confidence he reposed in me. "I will strive, by every means," answered I, "to convince you how much I am affected at your situation; and how much pleasure it would give me to be able to alter it. To prevent suspicion of any understanding between us, let us separate, and I will consider of the best method to serve you." He shook hands with me several times, and went away. As soon as all the guests were gone, I drew near the hostess, and began to converse with her. She was fond of talking, and I flattered her vanity by the multiplicity of my questions. I learnt that the melancholy young lady was to sleep this night in a room contiguous to the veteran soldier's. He had himself requested this necessary arrangement, to give confidence to his female companion, who was excessively fearful on a journey; and it was not difficult to ascertain the numbers of their apartments.

My plan was soon formed. I ordered the horses to be put to our carriages at midnight, under a pretext of avoiding the heat of the day. Edward was attended by William, and I had a domestic upon whom I could equally well depend. I explained to them how I meant to proceed, and their zeal gave me confidence of success. We went to the door of the old officer, and knocked. To his rough enquiries—Who is there?—we answered, that the house was on fire, and he had only time to save himself. He opened the door, and we all fell upon him at once;—in an instant he was put down, bound with cords, and gagged, so as not to be able to give an alarm. In this state, we carried him back to his bed, and rolled him in the blankets. Edward immediately entered the chamber of Paulina, and explained his purpose; she arose, and quickly dressed herself.

I went down stairs to take the postillions from the carriage; and, while I was pouring out plenty of brandy for them, Edward and Paulina rushed into it unperceived; and, after having promised the postillions to pay them well, I placed myself beside them, and we departed. In a few hours we reached an imperial city, where we had nothing to fear from pursuers; and found no inconvenience in remaining some days, till Paulina was entirely recovered from her fatigue and extreme agitation.

When her first transports of joy for her deliverance, and the sight of a lover from whom she believed she was separated for ever, had subsided, she expressed her gratitude to me, and called me her saviour. A long acquaintance was not necessary to appreciate all the qualities that my friend possessed in this fascinating woman.

Paulina took advantage of the stay we made, to write a relation of what she had experienced since she was last forcibly carried off.

Her ravishers had conducted her to an abbey not far from Paris, the abbess of which was a relation and friend of the Marchioness, and had guarded her for six months from every eye. The law which prevented the cloisters from being closed, was unexpectedly made known at the monastery. The night following, Paulina was secretly conducted to a house in the country, the situation of which she could not discover. She remained there some time, was then delivered up to two of the Marchioness's agents, who, for several months, led her about the southern provinces of France. She was, at last, delivered to the old soldier, who, after having taken care of her at his residence in Champagne, received an order to conduct her to Germany, where the insatiate revenge of the cruel Marchioness hoped once more to seize upon her prey.

Our reflections upon the animosity of this odious woman in pursuing her victim, made us feel more sensibly the joy of seeing the interesting Paulina secured from her fury. We took the road to Hamburgh together, where

Edward found a vessel ready to sail for England. He could not embark, till after he had exacted an oath, that I would meet them again as soon as circumstances permitted.

A month after their departure, I received a letter from Edward; he opened his whole soul to me, and drew a faithful picture of his happiness, which had been purchased at the expence of so much suffering.

He had been united to his Paulina by eternal and sacred bonds. They resided in the country, which both preferred, far from the world and its deceitful pleasures. He called upon me to keep my word, and added, obligingly, to come and enjoy the satisfaction of seeing their felicity. Unforeseen circumstances prevented my immediately obeying the dictates of my heart. When I arrived, time had added still more to their happiness, Paulina had given to her Edward a son, the picture of his worthy mother.

The lives of this amiable couple slid away in unalterable quiet, and yet not monotonously; their souls were like two instruments, attuned to the same pitch. In such harmony of thoughts and sentiments, a sign or look from Paulina, deprived of speech, was sufficient to make her understood by her husband; and Edward was always too happy, too grateful, ever to reflect that any thing could add to the perfection of his Paulina.

The Marchioness, the author of all their misfortunes, opened a gaming-house in London, which soon became the resort of the dissipated and unprincipled. An assassination was committed at her house, of which she was generally suspected to have been an accomplice; but the proofs required by law being incomplete, she was acquitted of this charge. The general conduct of this execrable woman was, however, in consequence, subject to investigation; and charges of illegal practices were substantiated against her, which were the cause of her being banished to a distant country, where she must expiate her crimes by painful labours, and unavailing regrets, that will terminate only with her existence.

MELANGES LITTERAIRES.

No. IV.

THE LOVERS' TOMB.

A TEMPLE stood, rever'd through ev'ry age,
 Unhurt by time, and spar'd by hostile rage,
 For sixteen hundred years the solemn gloom,
 Known and renown'd, was call'd the *Lovers' Tomb*.
 But now no more this object charms our eyes;
 For trading cits, who generous thoughts despise,
 In council met, the monument deface;—
 So much does interest, more than war, debase.

These verses are transcribed from a window in the room of an hotel in Lyons (once a city of great dignity and resort). The piece of antiquity they speak of was "*Le Tombeau des deux Amants*," which has given birth to many learned dissertations. Some say, that it was that of Herod and Herodias, who were banished hither; some, of two lovers, who, after a long absence, died for joy at the sight of each other; and others have attributed it to the gratitude of two slaves, who, being enfranchised by their masters, built them this monument; but the latest opinion, which is strengthened by an inscription found not long ago, is, that a brother raised it to the memory of his sister, and that their names only, were *Amandas*. Whatever it was, the city magistrates, in the year 1707, ordered it to be demolished.

INJURIES.

To a man of an exalted mind, the forgiveness of injuries is productive of more pleasure and satisfaction than vengeance obtained. Louis XII. of France, in answer to those who advised him to revenge himself on those who had been his enemies before his accession to the

throne, replied nobly, "The King of France does not remember the injuries of the Duke of Orleans." A sentence of equal magnanimity is recorded to have been uttered by the Emperor Adrian, on seeing a person who had injured him in his former station: "You are safe; I am Emperor."

VOLTAIRE.

The poem of this author, called the *Henriade*, founded on the history of the League, in the reign of Henry IV. of France, contains most of the particulars of those times, related with historical truth and accuracy.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED MEN.

LORD BACON.

Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, was the greatest genius of his age, and a person endued with extraordinary talents and inclination to promote the cause of literature. The pity is, that he had no one to second his endeavours. He died at the age of sixty-six, and so poor, that there remains a letter of his to the king, praying his bounty, lest "he who had only wished to live to study, might be obliged now to study to live." He was born to instruct others, and to set them in the right way to be teachers themselves. In literature, improvement, and not innovation, is the path to the advancement and benefit of letters.

ALDUS.

Paulus Manutius, the famous Venetian printer, was father of the younger Aldus, and the son of the elder. The *Cicero* of Aldus is a very beautiful work. The profligate conduct of his daughter, whom he removed from a convent, though she had taken the vows, and married to a friend, caused a deep melancholy in his mind, and hastened his death. He had a son, of whom is no mention. Over his study-door was this inscription: *Quisquis es, rogat te Aldus Manutius, ut si quid est, quod sibi velis,*

perpaucis agas, deinde abeas; nisi tanquam Hercules, defesso Atlanti veneris suppositurus humeros: semper enim erit quod tu agas, et quotquot huc attulerint pedes."—Stranger, whoever thou art, it is the request of Aldus Manutius, if you have any business with him, that you would announce it as briefly as possible, and retire; unless, like another Hercules, you are come to relieve for awhile the weary Atlas of his weight; for endless toil awaits you here; and sufficient to employ every party, however numerous, that may choose to enter in here.

ADMIRAL DRAKE.

Francis Drake, the English circumnavigator, left behind him the character of an excellent seaman. He first, after Sebastian Cano, a native of Spain, travelled round the world, which voyage he performed in two years and eight months; he departed December 13th, 1577, and returned November 3d, 1580. The following verses were made on his return, and are preserved in Camden's *Life of Queen Elizabeth*.

Drace, perrerati quem novit terminus orbis,
Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus.
Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum,
Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

Where'er old Ocean's boundless waters roll,
Have borne, great Drake, thy bark from pole to pole.
Should envious mortals o'er thy labours sleep,
The stars, which led thee thro' the vent'rous deep,
Shall tell thy praises; and thy well-earn'd fame,
The sun, thy fellow-traveller, proclaim.

SEBASTIAN CANO, OR CANUS,

Alluded to in preceding passage, a Biscayan by birth, attended the celebrated Magellan in his voyages, and passed those Straights with him which were afterwards called after his name. He retired to Seville in 1522. Charles V. presented him with a globe, having this device—"Primus me circumdedisti." You first went round me.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Lord Bacon, in his *Essays Moral and Civil*, gives the following anecdote of More, whilst he was Lord Chancellor. A person who had a suit in Chancery, sent him two silver flaggons, not doubting of the agreeableness of the present. On receiving them, More called one of his servants, and told him to fill those two vessels with the best wine in his cellar; and, turning round to the servant who had presented them, "Tell your master," replied the inflexible magistrate, "that, if he approves my wine, I beg he would not spare it."

JOHN SELDEN

Was the most eminent scholar of his time; but his style of writing was harsh and unpleasant. England never produced before him a person so celebrated for his knowledge of the *Belles Lettres*. He died in 1654, at the age of seventy. The following spirited couplets were written on him, by Dr. Gerard Langbaine, editor of Longinus, with Notes, &c. and placed under his portrait.

Talem se ore tulit, quem gens non barbaria quævis
Quantovis pretio mallet habere suum.
Qualis at ingenio, vel quantus ab arte, loquentur
Diique ipsi et Lapides, si taceant homines.

Lo! such was Selden, and his learned fame
All polish'd nations would be proud to claim.
'The Gods*, nay, e'en the Stonest†, their voice would raise,
Should men by silence dare withhold their praise.

M. Junius, who was very intimate with Selden, has asserted, that this profound scholar used to employ a variety of persons to read for him, and extract, &c. His library, which was very extensive, forms now a part of the Bodleian.

* See his book on the Syrian Gods.

† His Treatise on the Parian Marbles.

THE HEROISM
OF
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

CHAP. I.

Geminville was endowed with the greatest sensibility: his strong and acute feelings so far predominated, that he found few persons to whom he could be attached. It could not be said, that his sight was obscured by the bandage of love; for, though the greater part of women appeared to him most amiable, they were but little calculated to inspire him with that passion which the ignorant treat as romantic*. In truth, his heart had, in some measure, to endure continual torment: if his feelings would have allowed him to speak, there was nothing he more desired than to have an object of affection.

* *Treat as romantic.* This victorious argument is relied upon by all who know sensibility only by name. It is more easy to despise a faculty that we do not possess, than to own that we want it. Indeed, it is a great deal more easy for a poor man to deny the advantages of wealth, than to acknowledge that they exist. From this dearth of soul spring the greater part of our literary productions, because the kind of coined wit of which they are composed, is acquired by labour; and it is nature alone which gives sentiment; and sentiment, elevated to a certain degree, becomes genius, the focus of the few works which command admiration, and cause the most indolent sensations to burst forth. How many pretended philosophers, incapable of conceiving truth, whether physical or moral, have treated it as a nullity! We will only dwell upon a single fact: there are much fewer sensible men than pretended *wits*. When wit is separated from sentiment, it is no longer talent, it becomes a trade. Sterne would have been only a cold dauber of obscure language, a would-be philosopher, if he had not united to his talents a soul prodigiously sensible.

Love alone can fill the avidity of desire to which we are almost always a prey. True love unquestionably tastes more solid happiness than ambition and avarice, who pursue a shadow that eludes their grasp.

Stephanie Nelson, who had attained the eighteenth year of her age, seemed, of all women, to be expressly formed to inspire him with a lasting passion; scarcely were his eyes fixed upon this young creature, than he felt sensations to which he had hitherto been a stranger. In truth, Miss Nelson was one of those rare beauties whose fascination is indescribable; it is even difficult to conceive the kind of charm* with which all her motions were animated. It is possible to imagine grace, and various accomplishment, but how can we depict this enchanting *ensemble*, which subdues and triumphs over whatever it approaches? This angelic creature was the more seducing, as she appeared not to have a single particle of coquetry; her pure and ingenuous soul breathed in her countenance; and virtue itself was seen in the image of beauty.

Stephanie did not belie this prepossessing appearance: she lost the authors of her being at an age when it is hardly possible to feel that loss in its full extent; yet she wept over them; she found herself alone, and her first looks were eagerly directed to the portraits of her father

* *The kind of charm.* This is still one of those operations of nature which it is impossible to render *palpable* (the reader will excuse the expression), and susceptible of being placed before the eye. The most skilful painter will faithfully give a true likeness; but his art will not enable him to express so well the soul of the physiognomy; the result of charms that are felt, and are not defined. This is the reason that one of the greatest French poets has, with so much justness, said—

“ Et la grace plus belle encor que la beauté.”

We admire beauty, but are captivated with grace

and mother; she pressed them to her heart, and lavished upon them her kisses, mixed with the tears of sensibility.

Miss Nelson was under the protection of an unfeeling and avaricious uncle; who, in every transaction, considered nothing but the advantages of fortune; his thoughts and entire soul were wrapped up in this one desideratum; there was no accent, no harmony, which flattered his ear like the word *money*; in marriage, particularly, to search for wealth, appeared to him of the first consequence; it is therefore not surprising that his niece should materially differ from him on a subject of so much importance to her future welfare. In truth, does happiness depend upon fortune? What is a union from which the heart is estranged? It is a contract which causes so many husbands and wives to live like strangers to each other in the same family; and fills the greater part either with reciprocal indifference, disgust, or aversion!

We have represented Geminville as not being blinded by the bandage of love; yet was his judgement less penetrating on the nature of those connexions* which too superficially usurp the name of friendship: his extreme sensibility misled him in a subject so interesting to our

* *The nature of those connexions.* Why should the rudiments of society be wanted? Into how many errors do young people fall, who are incapable of combining two ideas. They abandon themselves blindly, and with senseless confidence, to those demonstrations of *cordiality* which are the quackery of society. Hence all the faults, the mistakes, and false steps, which necessarily lead to ruin. It is not astonishing that, surrounded by these snares, a young man, brought up in the best principles, should lose sight of them, and arrive at a degree of corruption which will become an empoisoned source of bad manners, and entirely pervert his heart. Virtuous, but weak parents, to you I address myself: in youth, you must watch over your children with extreme care; and, above all, interdict them, without ceremony, the society of depraved persons, whose victims or accomplices they will, sooner or later, become.

affections; it seemed to withstand the evidence of those base imperfections, we will not dare to call them criminal*, which so much degrade humanity. He unfortunately judged of society by himself, from whence spring those inconsiderate and dangerous errors of which the few estimable beings to be found in the world, are, sooner or later, the unhappy victims.

Nevertheless, in the number of those acquaintances which Geminville had made, we must not confound a young man, named Dorneuil, of the same age, in whose soul his own precious qualities were all united; his frankness, his disinterestedness, and his delicacy; which characterise, in few words, a being capable of supporting with dignity the name of friend.† They eagerly sought each other's company, and soon formed the most marked and lasting acquaintance.

* *We will not dare to call them criminal.* What is an *honest* man, in the ordinary acceptation, of society? A mere actor; one who, without remorse, contributes to the ruin of a fellow-being, or his own; who seduces his friend's wife; who will often serve as an echo to the most prejudicial calumnies, enveloping them in a deceitful guise; who will spend exorbitant sums in support of a profligate woman; and will see an unfortunate being, who was once his friend, his *dear friend*, die of poverty, without affording him the least relief. This is the *honest* man of society, depicted trait by trait. We will not dwell upon this portrait; it would lead us too far.

† *Supporting with dignity the name of friend.* La Fontaine has said—

“ Rien de si commun que le nom !

“ Rien de si rare que la chose.”

If we were not accustomed to speak without reflection, this word *friend* is sufficient to point out the necessity of employing this faculty, and should impose it upon us as a duty! Two friends are two beings who, in some sort, appropriate their existence to each other; who live in one another; who are identified; and, considered in this light, they contract mutual obligations! Are there a great many who fulfil them? We

At one of his relations, Mrs. Reminval's, Geminville had transiently seen Miss Nelson; and this unexpected meeting, as we have observed, had filled his breast with the tenderest emotions, and given an impression, or rather a transport, for the first time, which astonished him. How (said he to Dorneuil) have I found this kind of phenomena? I, who believed it to be only a word of my own imagination? How has this young person rendered herself mistress of my heart? We see her, and are surprised with inexpressible enchantment! She speaks; the charm increases; every sound that comes from her lips is the accent of sentiment, of the most affecting sentiment; if her heart had a voice, assuredly no other would talk its language. My friend, I will lead thee to my relation's; thou shaltst know this heavenly creature, who is unequalled; thou shaltst judge whether my enthusiasm is founded———And she announces every virtue. What candor! what modesty! Heaven is in the eyes of this divine creature. Yes, thou shaltst see her, Dorneuil; thou shaltst see her——I am impatient to know if thou wilt approve—the most decided passion.—It is useless to dissemble. I feel the most violent passion, which already consumes me;—which has acquired such an insurmountable ascendancy over me as it would be impossible to resist. Yes; this enchantress is destined to make me happy, or miserable, for ever. I am no longer rational, Dorneuil; I am no longer rational. Ah! if this object of my adoration had a soul prepossessed in my favour!—I tremble—thou observest me.—If a rival—What an overwhelming image!—Why dost thou thus

have treatises on Friendship; all these writings are of little use! It would be well to recommend the individuals who compose society to impress their readings a little more upon their minds. What occasions the greater part of the errors of mankind? The want of reflection. It is a most precious faculty, that we cannot too much inculcate in young minds.

bewilder thyself? (interrupted Dorneuil).—Why deliver thyself to alarms which, perhaps, are without foundation? My dear Geminville, why banish hope? Thou hast not the character of a lover, who never doubts of success. My friend, (replied Geminville) they do not love; true love is always accompanied by fear. Were I to possess the heart of Stephanie, and her beautiful lips were to give me an assurance of it, still should I doubt my happiness.

The young person had not seen Geminville without experiencing a reciprocal impression; she was surprised at being affected with a sentiment quite new to a soul in which the calm of innocence reposed.—We may suppose that she frequently visited Mrs. Reminval, and that Geminville inspired her with an interest which was every day increasing. When she was alone, her first thoughts were occupied about the young man; and when separated from him, her feelings continually brought him to her recollection.

Lenoncourt, the uncle of Stephanie, upbraided her for yielding to melancholy.—I am confident something is the matter with you. You should have complained to me. You would, in some measure, have found again the authors of your being. For some time, you have been sad and thoughtful. Are you dissatisfied with your condition? Do you think of contracting an engagement which will require the most deliberate consideration?—Uncle, I should be much embarrassed if I were obliged to explain the cause of this involuntary sadness, which, without doubt, will soon be dissipated; your goodness is calculated to restore me, and——I do not think at all of marriage——Uncle——I will live with you!

When Stephanie had pronounced these words, she thought of an excuse to leave him, and shut herself up in her own apartment; where she experienced a kind of pleasure in giving vent to tears which she did not wish Lenoncourt to witness. It is easy to perceive that she was already strongly affected by love;—tears are the most evident expression of a love which is with difficulty suppressed.

(To be continued.)

THE RUSSIAN WOMEN.

RECENT happy events have given to Russia, in alliance with England, so great an ascendancy in the scale of Europe, independant of the friendship which now subsists between the Sovereigns and the Courts, that whatever respects the Manners and Customs of that vast Empire, and particularly of those who have so great an influence in society as the Fair Sex, must be peculiarly gratifying to our Readers ; it is therefore, at this interesting period, that we have the pleasure to present them with the subsequent particulars, gleaned from the writings of an author of eminence, who resided at the Russian court, and was well acquainted with the character of the people. We would gladly have inserted the whole of this narration ; but for the indelicacy of some part, and apparant exaggeration of others ; with these exceptions, however, there appears no reason to suspect the veracity of the writer, for he is no flatterer.

That feminine activity which love, tenderness, and domestic cares, absorb in other countries, the women of the North, who are born with more cold and robust constitutions, employ in the lust of dominion and political intrigue. They frequently experience a physical necessity of inspiring love, but their hearts seldom feel the necessity of loving.

The manliness of the women is still more observable in the country. Something of this character, no doubt, may be remarked in all countries where the men are slaves ; for here widows, or daughters come of age, are often obliged to take on themselves the government of their estates, the people whereof are their wealth, their property, like beasts of the field ; and are thus engaged in businesses by no means suitable to their sex. To buy, sell, and exchange slaves, assign them their tasks, and order them to be stripped, and flogged in their presence, would

be as repugnant to the feelings as to the modesty of a woman in a country where men are not degraded to the level of domestic animals, and treated with the same indifference; but these are offices to which the Russian women are often obliged to submit, and they not unfrequently perform them with pleasure.

The habit of treating men thus, and that which both sexes have of mixing together in their public baths, deaden, at a very early age, that modesty which is natural to women. That effrontery, conspicuous in some Russian women, must not be ascribed to libertinism, or gross voluptuousness. They live from their childhood in the greatest familiarity with their herd of vassals; a thousand private services are performed for them by male slaves, whom they scarcely consider as men; indeed to them a slave is not a being of the same species.

It has been observed by several persons, that in Russia the women are usually more malicious, more cruel, and more barbarous, than the men; it is because they are still far more ignorant and more superstitious. They scarcely ever travel, are taught very little, and do nothing. Constantly surrounded by slaves to gratify, or prevent their wishes, the Russian ladies spend their time either lolling on a sofa, or sitting at a card-table. They are very seldom seen with a book in their hands, still seldomer with any kind of work, or attending to their domestic affairs. They who have not been humanised by a foreign education, are still actual barbarians. Among them, you may find such women as that mentioned by Juvenal, who, to a person that entreated her to spare a slave she had ordered to be punished, conjuring her to take pity on the man, answered—"O demens, ita servus homo est."—"Blockhead! is a slave a man?" And another, that said to her friends, frightened at the screams they heard while she was shewing them her jewels and trinkets, "It is nothing at all, it is only a man I have ordered to be flogged."

Various accounts have been given of the Russian baths;

but at Petersburg both sexes now have their rooms and enclosures separated by a partition; and men are not allowed to enter into those of the women, except the necessary attendants, or painters and physicians, who come to prosecute their studies; both men and women, however, after having taken the vapour bath, run out perfectly naked to plunge together into the river that runs behind it. In the country, the baths are still on the old footing; that is to say, persons of all ages and both sexes use them promiscuously.

These customs, which appear to us so shocking, and are so to all people who wear clothes, and are no longer savage, are yet by no means either the effect of corrupt hearts, or indications of libertinism.

This description of the Russian ladies, among whom there are so many charming and amiable, will, it is to be feared, excite too unfavourable an idea of them. Almost all of them are naturally witty, and by no means destitute of grace; their eyes, feet, and hands, are every thing that could be wished; and there is an ease in their manners, a taste in their dress, and a charm in their conversation, which are peculiarly agreeable.

These sprightly and amiable Russian ladies have a taste for the arts. They laugh at the representation of a good comedy, readily perceive a satirical stroke, perfectly understand an equivoque, and applaud a brilliant line; but expressions of sensibility appear lost on them, and they are rarely seen to weep at a tragedy. Mothers, daughters, and lovers, behold with dry eyes the moving scenes of *Merope*, *Antigone*, and *Zaire*, though exhibited at the French theatre of Petersburg by excellent performers.

The domestic virtues, and that spirit of order and economy so necessary to a moderate fortune, are rarely to be found among the Russian women. They aim at being the delight of society rather than careful managers of their family affairs; and are more calculated to give pleasure to many than to confer happiness on one. But

all the charms that luxury sets off, all the enchanting talents that ease of circumstances affords opportunity for cultivating, commonly heighten the beauty of the young Russian ladies. They particularly excel in speaking foreign languages, and numbers of them converse in three or four with equal elegance and perfection.

Those who have had a good education, whom the manners of their families, and the care of a prudent governess, or a respectable mother, have formed to the graces, without moulding to vice,—those in particular whom reading, or some travelling, have improved,—deserve a foremost place among the amiable women of Europe. But these are flowers thinly sown, and blooming in obscurity. Superstition, envy, and calumny, are in arms against them; and if they cannot support the tortures of the gossiping conversation of the place, they are obliged to form a circle of select females, and especially foreigners, which redoubles the hatred and persecution raised against them.



Alexander the Great and an Indian Prisoner.

While Alexander the Great was on his conquests through the Indies, a prisoner was presented to him, famed for such extraordinary skill in shooting, that he never failed to send an arrow from his bow into the smallest circle that could be drawn, and as far as his eye could reach. Alexander, who was passionately fond of every thing curious, ordered him to give a proof of his dexterity in his presence; which the Indian refusing, his conqueror was so incensed, that he ordered him to be put to death. On being interrogated by those employed to put the sentence in execution, he said, that he preferred death to the loss of renown; and that it was the fear of not being able, in the presence of so great a monarch, to do what he had been accustomed to, which had hindered him from obeying his commands. This reply being reported to Alexander, he most graciously granted him his life, and withal his liberty.

*THE MOTHER;**A TALE.*

(Concluded from page 50.)

THE embarrassed air with which Mrs. Elrington concluded her address to Leonard, and the earnest manner in which she sought to read what was passing in his mind, brought with it instant conviction that it was himself she meant, and for a few minutes his confusion was greater than her's, when she found he understood her.

"Do you approve or condemn my choice," said she, hesitatingly, "for I perceive you guess the object?"—"It is not for me to do either," replied Leonard; "highly do I feel honoured by such a flattering distinction; yet believe me, dear madam, I know not what sentiments I ought to express. To contribute to your happiness in any way, to be the friend, the protector of your lovely and amiable daughters, would, indeed, constitute my highest felicity; but would it not be mean and base of me to take advantage of your generous partiality, to urge a measure which it is evident you have only proposed from the most exalted and disinterested motives."

Mrs. Elrington blushed deeply, as he spoke, but not wishing him to read all her thoughts, she replied, with assumed gaiety,—“I have said all that I think necessary upon the subject, Leonard, and must not be catechised too closely; it remains for you to decide the matter, for I cannot ever again resume it.” “There is one important point to be decided,” observed Leonard, thoughtfully, “how think you, would your daughters approve of such an arrangement?”—“I am sure they love you too sincerely, Leonard, not to rejoice at the event; Mira and Clara are, indeed, almost too young to be consulted; and of Charlotte's sentiments I am perfectly apprised.”—“If so,” returned Leonard, “I trust neither she nor you will have

cause to repent of such generous confidence." Leonard had been taken by surprise, and had scarcely time to ascertain his own sentiments;—as the wife of his patron, he had ever looked upon Mrs. Elrington with a degree of respect, which, young and beautiful as she was, precluded the possibility of his entertaining any idea of an attachment warmer than friendship; and now that something more seemed demanded, he scarcely knew whether long habit would admit of his cherishing a more tender emotion than that inspired by esteem and gratitude. He even fancied, so prone is human nature to reject a proffered good, that he should have felt more delight, had she offered him the hand of her daughter, than her own, for the advantage of her fortune had no weight in his estimation.—While this was passing in his mind, Mrs. Elrington was breaking the matter to her daughters: Mira and Clara expressed the most lively pleasure at the intelligence, declaring, that "they should respect and love their new papa, although he was so young;"—but Charlotte, when called upon for her opinion, made no other reply than by throwing herself into her mother's arms.—"Dear mamma," exclaimed Mira, "what can be the matter with Charlotte? she is as pale as death, and see how the tears run down her cheeks."—"Charlotte, my love, what ails you?" asked the agitated mother. "I expected, from your extreme partiality to Leonard, that you would be even more rejoiced than your sisters."—Charlotte raised her head, and pressing her lips to her mother's cheek, replied, "I must ever rejoice at your happiness, my dear mother; but the suddenness of the intelligence affected me strangely."—"You have surely no fear of being a sufferer by this arrangement?" said Mrs. Elrington, thoughtfully.—"Far from my heart be such selfish thoughts," cried Charlotte, with emotion; "no, my dear mother, I feel that you could not have made a choice more worthy of you, nor more to the interest of your children." She glanced at Mira and Clara as she spoke. At

that moment Leonard entered, and the youngest girl running up to him, said, thoughtlessly, "Here is a pretty piece of business; Charlotte was ready to faint, at hearing she was to have you for a papa; but Mira and I are so glad—perhaps she does not like you, because you never romp and play with her as you do with us."—"Oh! yes," interrupted Mira, "she does like you, I am sure, for she is ready to fly into the drawing-room when she hears you there, let her be doing what she will elsewhere." These artless sallies threw the whole party into a state of awkward embarrassment, and they gazed at each other, as if waiting to see which would venture to speak first; yet neither knowing what to say. The countenance of Charlotte betrayed extreme agitation; but, making a successful endeavour to regain composure, she said—"You must not mind these little mad caps, Leonard—Mr. Welford, I mean—I am blest with a mother who never has done, and I am sure never will do any thing that her children ought not to approve."—"That is spoken like yourself, my affectionate girl," said Mrs. Elrington, taking her hand; "but why do you tremble so, my Charlotte?"—"I cannot tell," said Charlotte, faintly,—"*I am not very well this morning;—we sat up rather late last night, you know.*"—Leonard, silent and uneasy, watched the changing features of Charlotte as she spoke, and to dissipate the uneasy sensations he experienced, playfully caught Mira in his arms, and desired her to salute her papa elect. Mira obeyed him very innocently, and Clara, more seriously, submitted in turn.—"Come, Charlotte," said Mira, "it is your turn now; you ought to have been first."—Leonard timidly approached Charlotte, but she averted her head, and abruptly breaking from him, rushed out of the room. "Charlotte is certainly ill," observed Mrs. Elrington; she wishes to hide it from me, but I can see it plainly; I must follow her, and have some advice." The next time the family met together, Charlotte appeared more cheerful and composed; but she was pale, and lost her appetite;

Mrs. Elrington appeared uneasy, and out of spirits ; Leonard, too, was less gay than usual, and the conversation turned chiefly on business relative to their future establishment. The marriage of Mrs. Elrington and Leonard was appointed to take place in the course of a few weeks, and nothing occurred worthy of notice in the intervening time. The day previous to that appointed for the ceremony, Mrs. Elrington's solicitor attended, with writings for the disposal of some of her property in favour of her children, at the signing of which Charlotte only was required to be present. Mrs. Elrington herself undertook to explain to Leonard the purport of the bond, to which he paid scarcely any attention.—“ I think it necessary, however,” said Mrs. Elrington, gravely, “ to ask if you approve of my settling ten thousand pounds upon my children, when you must be aware that I shall have only five remaining?”——“ My dear madam,” said Leonard, “ I hope you are certain that my wishes meet your's most cordially on this subject.”——“ It must not be, indeed, dear mother,” exclaimed Charlotte, bursting into tears.—“ It must, and shall be,” returned Mrs. Elrington, “ so come, sign, sign,” cried she, with forced gaiety, “ it is the only compensation I can make for——.” She stopped abruptly, and fixed her eyes upon the trembling Charlotte. Leonard carelessly wrote his name ; and Charlotte, at the lawyer's request, did the same ; Mrs. Elrington then added her signature, and taking up the paper, desired Leonard to read them out. He took it from her, and glancing his eye over the first, uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy.—“ You little thought, I believe, Sir,” said the lawyer, “ that you was signing a marriage contract with this young lady.” Charlotte was speechless with astonishment, while Leonard grasped the hand of Mrs. Elrington, and pressing it enthusiastically to his heart, exclaimed—“ Generous, exalted woman ! you have, indeed, proved yourself a mother ; but my Charlotte shall not rob a parent, so tender, so liberal minded ; this deed,

which gives us five thousand pounds, must be cancelled." "Nonsense," returned Mrs. Elrington, brushing away a falling tear, "can I do too much for such a daughter? I have played the old fool long enough; but I was determined to convince you, that your happiness was my chief wish, and that clever as you thought yourselves, a mother's eye is too keen to be easily deceived."—"And was your intended marriage with Leonard all a joke, my dear mother?" asked Charlotte.—"Excuse me on that head, my love," returned the blushing Mrs. Elrington; "suffice it, that whatever my intentions were, my determination has been that of a mother who knows how to reward the disinterestedness of a worthy young man, and the dutiful submission of an affectionate daughter."

Need it be added, that the amiable young couple, thus unexpectedly made happy in each other, never failed to evince their gratitude by the most tender attention to this beloved parent; but, to the latest hour of her existence, caused her to bless the day when she had so nobly and generously proved herself a mother!

A PROBLEM.

To the question, "What are the reasons that women are more constant in friendship than men?" the following answer might be given. The temperament of women is more cold, and, therefore, less likely to change, or fly off, from an object to which they are once attached. The same coolness of constitution renders them more subject to timidity; and so they adhere to objects of affection, as being more fearful of losing what they value, and think cannot be restored. Shame and custom do not permit them to make the first advances toward friendship. Women likewise have not so much general acquaintance as men, or such freedom in seeking them; which circumstances prevent them from changing the old ones.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

PARNASSIAN WILD SHRUBS; *consisting of Odes, Poetical Essays, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Pieces, by W. Taylor.* London, Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. 1814. 5s. boards.

The writer aptly prefaces his little volume with an extract from Shenstone, which deprecates criticism; and modestly trusts, that some of his poetical attempts have a sufficient moral tendency to recommend them to the indulgence of the reader.

We confess we are not disposed to examine too fastidiously the first efforts of young authors; many of these *Wild Shrubs* put forth pleasing Flowers; and though they have not the correctness of finished compositions, yet have they much fancy, animation, and freedom. In short fugitive pieces, however, to be negligent of the metre and rhyme is a great fault; and we hope the writer, for his own credit, will, in future, be more attentive.

The following will give a good general idea of his manner:

RETROSPECTION, A FRAGMENT.

SWEET flew the hours when erst in LAURA'S mien
I saw the ray of bright perfection shine,
When friendship's fervour-kindling glow serene,
Blent with the flame of infant love divine;
For then I scrupled not to join in song,
With nimble feet the sprightly dance to hail;
Pleasure her joys pourtray'd in colours strong,
And Hope prophetic told a pleasing tale.
'Twas then that sorrow and her sad compeers
To me were strangers; for I knew not those
Misguiding, strife-begetting jealousies and fears
That rack this tortur'd bosom with their throes.
'Twas then fond Mem'ry in life's vista view'd
Joys, IRIS tinted, innocent, and pure,
Unlike to those sad pangs which now obtrude
Upon my bosom's peace, and ev'ry bliss obscure.

ON MORAL POETRY.

SUCH little power hath moral song
To curb the gay licentious throng,
Whose ev'ry earthly aim is pow'r
To bask in Pleasure's sunny hour ;
Who, self-deceiving, think they glide
Adown, oh Happiness ! thy tide ;
That he who sings in Virtue's cause
But seldom meets with due applause.

There are, 'mid Dissipation's throng,
Who have not felt, or feel not long
The pangs that to regret belong,
When Retrospection vents a sigh,
For hours of happiness gone by ;
For years of pleasure unenjoy'd,
By baneful folly oft destroy'd ;—
Or, ere they reach'd Destruction's brink,
They'd surely pause, reflect, and think.

Perchance, it will of him be said,
When number'd with the silent dead,
Who made the Moral Muse his choice,
And solely turn'd to her his voice,
“ He strove by ev'ry precept mild
To bring to virtue Error's child ;—
He sought to give, by means of song,
Instruction to the rising throng ;
And clearly pointed out the road
That led to happiness and God ;—
He left not aught of skill untri'd,
That might his feeble efforts aid,
Yet fail'd in the attempt and died ;
And in the gelid grave was laid.”
But still fair Virtue's heart will sigh,
And oft in mournful accents cry—
“ Full many a wight, life's journey done,
A less regretful fate hath found ;
And many a brighter rising sun
Hath set with less of glory crown'd !”

T H E
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

EUROPE.

WRITTEN IN 1813.

EUROPE! too long war's desolating strains
Re-echo wildly o'er thy native plains ;
Too long the startled eye with anguish pores
O'er the black ravages that 'whelm thy shores ;
Too long the conflict's dread commotions sweep,
In deaf'ning clamours, o'er the slumb'ring deep.
How oft must wake the maiden's timid fears !
How oft suspense arouse the mother's tears !
Methinks the breath of every sullen gale
Conveys to anxious doubt a fearful tale ;
The cry of mad'ning vengeance seems to bear
The victor's shout, the dying hero's pray'r ;
The frenzied yell of mothers childless left,
The groans of age of ev'ry hope bereft,
The sighs of orphans that to mercy's throne
Ascend to call a retribution down.

Thy fruitful valleys, late with plenty stor'd,
That smil'd beneath the guidance of a Lord,
Now teem, alas! with hecatombs of slain ;
Their rustic inmates strew the gorged plain ;
Thy pregnant fields, where late abundance wav'd,
Uncultur'd spread ;—thy noblest rights enslav'd ;
Thy streams that once the crowded vessels bore
Now beat, with hollow swell, the listless shore ;
No tim'rous bark expands the swelling sail,
Ploughs o'er the trackless waste, or courts the fav'ring gale.
As o'er some sicklied form, we lov'd, we trace
The faded features of the pallid face ;
And catch but faint resemblance of each charm
We late beheld in health and vigour warm,
What mournful feelings sadden on the soul !
What fears presaging chase the tears that roll

In quick succession! 'tis in vain we turn
 The pensive gaze, still fancy will discern
 The languid image, dull, and pale, and cold;
 Still weep the change, and weeping still behold.

J. M. B.

Verses sent to a Lady with Ovid's Metamorphoses.

A IRIS.

L'ingénieux Ovide étale en cet ouvrage
 Un nombre merveilleux de changemens divers.
 Progne de l'hirondelle y prend le noir plumage;
 Et Daphné s'y revêt de rameaux toujours verts:
 Hermione en serpent y rampe sur l'herbe:
 En lionne Atalante y court dans les déserts:
 On voit Narcisse en fleur y parer le rivage:
 On voit en épervier Nise y fendre les airs.
 Une métamorphose à mes yeux favorable
 Doit ici vous donner une place honorable;
 Iris, vous n'êtes plus rebelle à mes amours:
 La rigueur a chez vous fait place à la tendresse:
 C'est assez, n'allez pas redevenir tigresse;
 Ayant changé si bien, ne changez de vos jours.

TO IRIS.

Th' ingenious bard, whose aim is to surprise,
 Presents the various changes to your eyes;
 Here Progne takes the swallow's sable plumes;
 Here Daphne in a laurel ever blooms;
 Hermione darts forth the serpent's hiss;
 Proud Atalanta roars, a lioness;
 Near his lov'd streams a flow'r Narcissus grows;
 Quick on a hawk's bold pinion Nisus rose,
 With not less wonder, but with more delight,
 A change in you of late has bless'd my sight.
 Dear Iris, now no more, with clouded brows,
 And mien imperious, you disdain my vows;
 Mild as a lamb, a tigress fierce before;
 Now chang'd so well, dear Iris, change no more.

ON THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

How transitory is terrestrial bliss !
E'er we can smile to view our wishes crown'd,
E'er we can greet our anxious hopes fulfill'd,
The shadow's fled ! With what avidity
The giddy multitude seek happiness !
E'en as the inclination biases,
Or glows the vision to our dazzled fancy.

Behold the *Miser*, whose wan countenance
Depicts solicitude,—observe him glide
With glance averted, and a watchful eye,
Deep brooding fell suspicion, thro' the shades
Of murky midnight, to adore his gold ;
His heart exults in selfish extasies,
To suffer new privations, and augment
By artifices mean his senseless store ;
Yet this *to him* is happiness.

Could we accompany the *Libertine*
Thro' all the wily mazes and routine
Of specious profluence, and guilty joy,
How different his course ! yet what he grasps
And fancies happiness, is infamy ;
A frame debilitated ; and too oft
He sighs with anguish in the icy arms
Of penury, and mourns the fallacy
Of seeking bliss in dissipated scenes.

Ambition, when wilt thou exclaim
My aspirations now are satisfied ?
For thee the Tyrant braves, with hope elate,
The terrors of the field ;—for thee he flies
Amid the train of Death's artillery ;
To deck his sword with wreaths of ill-earn'd fame,

Or plant upon his brow the glitt'ring gem
Of proud, imperial royalty ; for thee,
Calm slumbers fly the Statesman's couch ;
Thy thorny cares around his pillow throng
As his aspiring soul projects anew
Expedients for preferment ;—yet as
One cooling drop inflames acridity,
And swells desire to quaff the copious draught,
So rages more the thirst insatiate
Of gratified ambition.
Ask the poor *Exile*, far from kindred torn,
And rudely herded with a ruffian band,
Whose stoic souls ne'er glow'd with sympathy,—
Or ask the *Captive* in his cheerless cell,
Whose ear forgets the voice of tenderness,
Whose eye no more salutes the ambient Heav'n,—
Ask them where dwells the phantom happiness ?
They'll tell you 'tis in liberty, sweet home,
Reciprocal affection, th' artless smile
Of infant fondness, the placid bosom
Of domestic comfort.

Alas ! it still eludes our eager grasp,
Still flits before, or lurks in scenes behind ;
Perhaps we own 'twas ours but yesterday,
Tho' yesterday 'twas imperceptible.

'Tis only where Contentment reigns supreme,
Enthron'd on Piety, by Virtue crown'd ;
There only must we seek felicity.

If blest with these auspicious gifts of Heav'n,
The restored *Exile's* humble cot,
The liberated *Captive's* home, can boast
That halcyon zest which domes and palaces,
With all their vaunted splendour, fail t' obtain.

C. B. S.





London Fashions for August,

Published by J.W.H. Thorne, August 25th.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR AUGUST, 1814.

*The Dresses invented by Mesd. Powley and Harmsworth,
New Bond-street.*

Morning Dress.—A white crape dress; the body composed of alternate stripes of peach-coloured satin and lace; the bottom of the dress vandyked, and trimmed to correspond with the body. White veil, of French lace; satin boots; and white kid gloves.

Afternoon Dress.—A white satin dress, made with a demi-train, and trimmed with frills of fine lace round the bottom of the dress; the bosom cut low; the sleeves long, and made to fall full on the shoulder. The hair dressed *à la François*. White satin shoes; and white kid gloves.

THE PATENT IMPERIAL TWINE CLOTH.

It having been ascertained that many instances have occurred, not only in town, but in the country, that other Articles have been attempted to be sold instead of it; against this attempt we are requested particularly to guard the Public. This valuable Article for regulating the perspiration, and consequently preventing, in numberless instances, the effect of cold chill after much fatigue from great exercise, riding, dancing, &c. &c. so desirable not only on this account, but from its economy, can be obtained, stamped, genuine only, of the Patentee, at the *East India Warehouses, No. 16, Cheapside, London*; the Patentee having not appointed any Agent whatever, nor having occasion so to do, the Establishment being an *Entrepot* on the grandest scale, in this, or any other Country, of the Manufactures of the Empire, and of regular foreign Goods. And Orders from the most distant part of the Empire, with remittances through the Post Office, or by Coach, are instantly executed in the most satisfactory manner,

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are willing to pay every respect to the opinion of *Argus*; but neither he, nor any other gentleman, can judge of the difference between ourselves and Mr. C. unless he were to examine the articles of agreement between us, the circumstances which gave rise to that agreement, and the manner in which it has been acted upon; and which the Proprietor has felt to be extremely oppressive.—Mr. C. would never have been *publicly* addressed, had he attended to our *private* remonstrances; and not treated them with the most pointed neglect. All we required, in the fulfilment of what he had undertaken, was to direct his attention to the choice of such subjects as we conceived might be beneficial to the work, and to have them sent in a state fit for publication; this we had an undoubted right to do, and expect. But our wishes and requests, so far from being complied with, have been opposed and thwarted; and the miserable state of the Manuscript sent for insertion has been a *grievous* evil to us: if *Argus* will trouble himself to call upon us, and see the alterations and corrections we have been obliged to make in order to render these productions fit to meet the public eye, and then reflect how much time must have been necessarily lost (by a person who has to depend upon his industry) on *compositions* for which payment has been proudly exacted, and that from an individual in *independent circumstances*, he will then perceive how entirely he has been mistaken in the real situation of the parties; and we will then allow him to call our impartiality in question, and to tax us with "*acrimony*," if he can.

We shall take another opportunity to answer the critical Remarks of *Argus* on Mr. H. FINN's Poem of the CATHEDRAL.

We are extremely obliged to Mr. J. M. B. his proposed improvement shall be taken into consideration, and his hints attended to as far as in our power.

We relied upon Mrs. E. T. and are much disappointed at not having received the Pieces promised.

We fear Mr. H. FINN has had a relapse of his illness; for we are still without tidings of him.

The communication from Mrs. B. G. shall appear in our next. We have not yet been favoured with her packet, under cover to the Earl of C.

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De Wilde, Pinxt.

H.R. Cook, sculp.

*Countess Thurlow.
Late Miss Bolton.*

Published by T.W.H. Payne, September 1st 1804.